CAPTAIN AMERICA WON'T WHO WILL WIELD THE SHIELD?

Production By Irene Y. Lee

This issue takes place AFTER the events of some comic on sale next month, completely blowing its ending. And they still promoted Brevoort! The suckers.

In ... America was to be arraigned

MARVEL

To: Stephen Wacker, Senior Editor, Marvel Comics
From: Dave Althoff, Associate Counsel, Marvel Comics
Re: Captain America: Who Won't Wield the Shield

Steve,

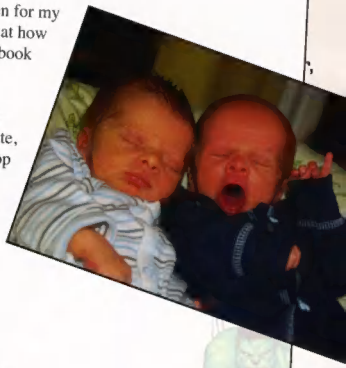
We need to talk about this "Captain America: Who Won't Wield the Shield" nonsense. You can't be serious about publishing this book. I stopped by your office but Brennan says you're "in a meeting and won't come back until I leave you alone." How can you be in a meeting for sixteen days?! Is Brevoort leading a beard-trimming seminar or something?

Mr. Wacker, When you wake up, you should probably read this.

--Brennan

P.S. Spider-Man stinks now!

I'm begging you – shelve the book. If not for me, then for my newborn twins. Look at them, Peter and Zachary – look at how happy they are. Now think of how they'll feel when this book gets us all canned. Think about it!



Look, I know you wanted me to name one of the kids Stephen. I'm prepared to do it – I'll get the birth certificate, change it up, and boom! Stephen Wacker Althoff. Just drop this book. Please? PLEASE?!

Regards,

Dave Althoff

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Later.
A small midwestern strip mall.
SIGNING TODAY: EISNER AWARD WINNING COMIC BOOK WRITERS
ED BRUBAKER
AND ALSO
JASON IRON Aaron
ELITE COMICS
UMM, SO AM I GONNA GET THAT COFFEE SOMETIME SOON? A GUY GETS THIRSTY WINNING ALL THESE EISNERS.
ED, I TOLD YOU BEFORE, I DON'T WORK HERE. IT'S ME, JASON AARON, REMEMBER?
UMM, YEAHHH. CAN I GET TWO SUGARS WITH THAT?
KRSH
WHO THE... WHO THE HELL ARE YOU, PAL?
DON'T... DO I KNOW YOU?
NO.
BLAM

OH, MY GOD! THAT GUY JUST KILLED NOMAD!
WHO?
UMM...YEAHH, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. I KILLED NOMAD BACK IN CAP #3 (FIFTH SERIES)...YOU KNOW, RIGHT BEFORE I WON MY FIRST EISNER.

WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
UM, HI, I'M JASON--
ASK ME ABOUT CRIMINAL AND INCOGNITO Available Now!

EEK
WHACK
NOT YOU. THIS ONE HERE WITH THE FUNNY LITTLE HAT.
HEY! YOU'RE ONE TO TALK!

YOU DID THIS? YOU KILLED CAPTAIN AMERICA?
YOU MEAN DID I WRITE THE HIGHEST SELLING COMIC BOOK OF 2007?
YES, I DID. HERE, YOU WANNA TOUCH MY EISNERS, DON'T YOU?
CAPTAIN AMERICA
SHUT UP BEFORE I PULL YOUR TONGUE OUT AND MAKE YOU EAT IT.

AND YOU. GOOD GOD, I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF THIS.
I KNOW, I'M SORRY.
I'M A VERY TROUBLED MAN.
WOLVERINE

THE INCREDIBLY NORMAL AND BOURGEOIS IDEA OF

DOCTOR AMERICA

OCCULT OPERATIVE OF LIBERTY

BY MATT FRACTION, BRENDAN McCARTHY, HOWARD HALLIS & TODD KLEIN.
EDITED BY THE LOVE OF FREEDOM!

Purring in a swirling whorl of infinite cuddly chaos...KITHOTEP, the kitten in the sky who sees all, saw ME, Stephen "BRO" Rogers, selling my demo tape at the bus stop @ Santa Monica + Fairfax...

Kidnapped by the Undergovernment and forced to smoke the SUPER SATAN FORMULA by Dr. SAX ERSKINE...

HAIL SATAN-SCIENCE!

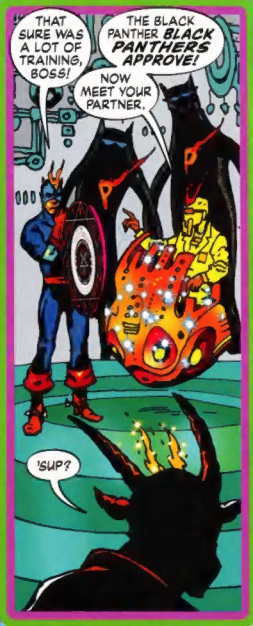
It wasn't so bad. Now I dream in Ditko arabesques and Kirby-Krafted circuit boards like wallpaper...it's for America, I guess...

WE NEED A HERO, SON.

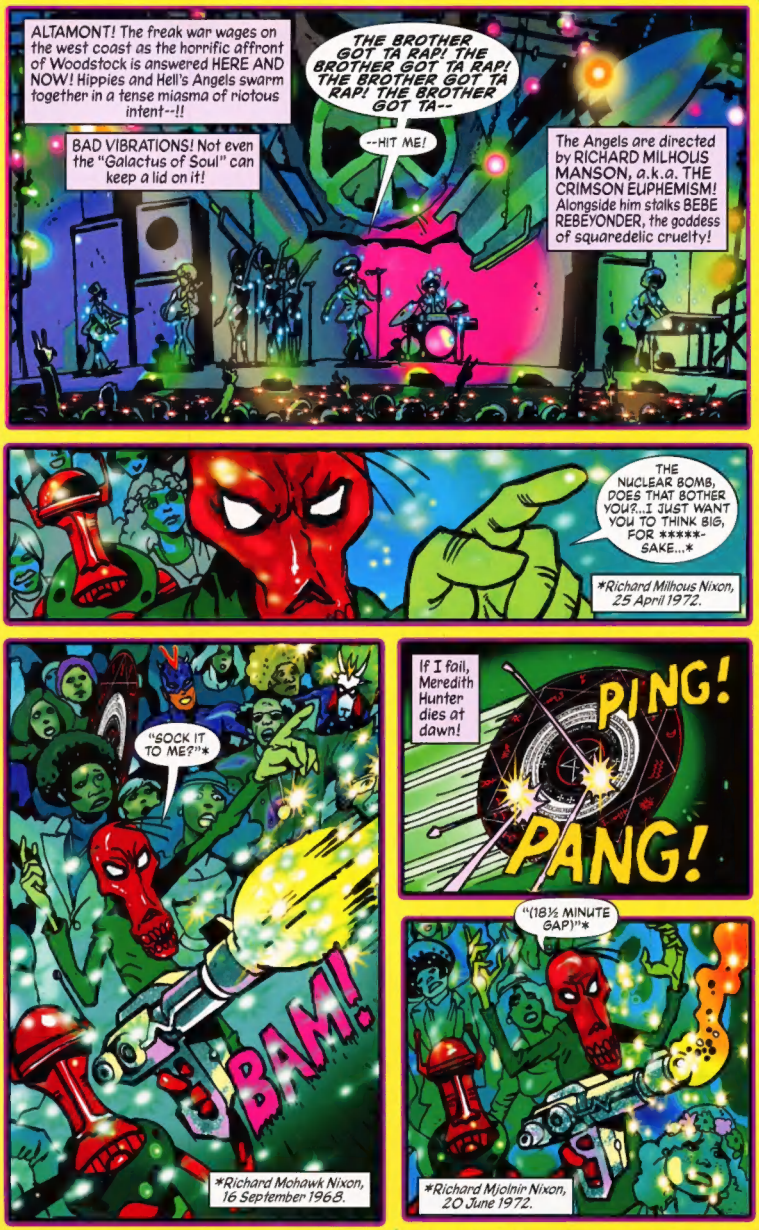
A SUPER-FREAKY HERO.

*Editor's Note: My name is Andrew and I am the champion. -- Be-Stiletto'd Steve

I came through + came to, experiencing OCCULT AWARENESS for the first time... all my black-eyed "chakras" dialing open like apertures...I was reborn on the 13th day of the secret 13th month...
SAMO SAMO!

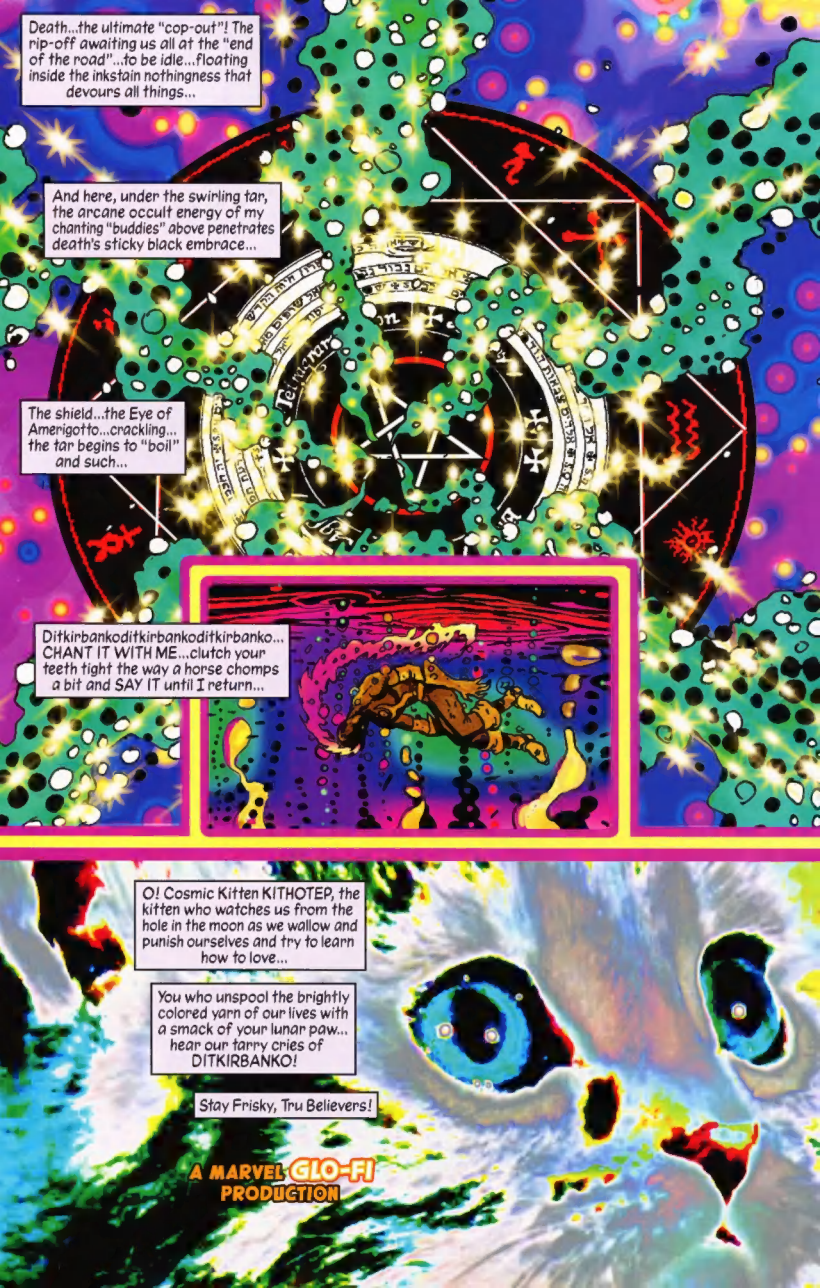


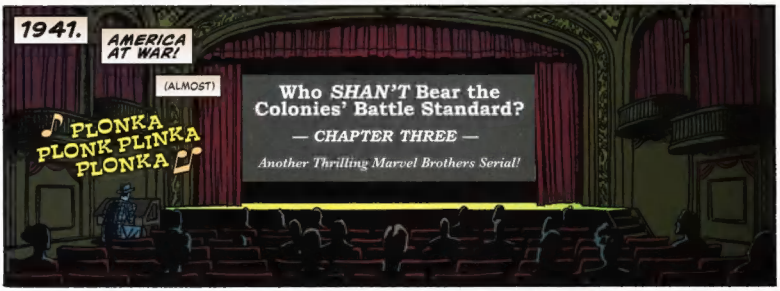
The kitten purrs...the sound of infernal cogs spinning inside the devilish clockwork of spacetime...plot devices...narrative... the stuff of life...

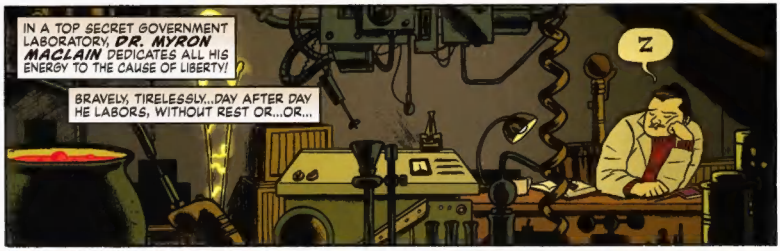

ALTAMONT! The freak war wages on the west coast as the horrific affront of Woodstock is answered HERE AND NOW! Hippies and Hell's Angels swarm together in a tense miasma of riotous intent--!!
THE BROTHER GOT TA RAP! THE BROTHER GOT TA RAP! THE BROTHER GOT TA RAP! THE BROTHER GOT TA--
--HIT ME!
BAD VIBRATIONS! Not even the "Galactus of Soul" can keep a lid on it!
The Angels are directed by RICHARD MILHOUS MANSON, a.k.a. THE CRIMSON EUPHEMISM! Alongside him stalks BEBE REBEYONDER, the goddess of squaredelic cruelty!
THE NUCLEAR BOMB, DOES THAT BOTHER YOU?...I JUST WANT YOU TO THINK BIG, FOR *****-SAKE...*
*Richard Milhous Nixon, 25 April 1972.
"SOCK IT TO ME?"*
BAM!
*Richard Mohawk Nixon, 16 September 1968.
If I fail, Meredith Hunter dies at dawn!
PING!
PANG!
"(18½ MINUTE GAP)"*
*Richard Mjolnir Nixon, 20 June 1972.

SMASH THE STATE!
BORN ON THE 666TH OF JULY!
SUPERBAD!
VROOM
BAAAAAAL! I SHALL CALL 1-555-720-2660 TO SAVE YOU! OR MAYBE 1-555-720-2666 TO KILL YOU!* I HAVEN'T DECIDED!
WHOOM!
*Editor's Note: Calling those numbers could be a terrible idea for you.--Sexchattin' Steve
MEANWHILE, I'LL JUST VOOOOF THIS MISSILE TOWARDS THE LOS ANGELES COUNTY LA BREA TAR PITS!
VOOOOOF!
LOS ANGELES COUNTY
LA BREA TAR PITS
Ditkirbanko save me!
SLUMF!

WITHOUT HIM, THE COMIC INDUSTRY GOES "BELLY UP"! THE MARVEL BULLPEN MAKES--THE CALL! BRING BACK DOCTOR AMERICA! A FREAK SÉANCE IS HELD AT THE TAR PITS! THE THICK SCENT OF DITKIRBANKO ENERGY SWARMS THE AIR!
DITKIRBANKODITKERBANKODITKERBANKO DITKIRBANKODITKERBANKODITKERBANKO DITKIRBANKO!
BLUBB BLUBB BLUBB! BLUBBB! BLUBB! BLUBB!
COMIC BOOKS ARE INCENSE TO SATAN!
STRANGE LIGHTS! POLYSYLLABIC, VOWEL-LESS GODWORDS! IT'S HAPPENING! IT'S ALL HAPPENING!
MEANWHILE, AT THE WATERGATE HOTEL, RICHARD MILHOUS MANSON MAKES HIS MOVE TO SEIZE THE "DREADLY" ELEKTRIK KIRBY ACID KETTLE:
"EACH MOMENT IN HISTORY IS A FLEETING TIME, PRECIOUS AND UNIQUE!
"BUT SOME STAND OUT AS MOMENTS OF BEGINNING, IN WHICH COURSES ARE SET THAT SHAPE DECADES OR CENTURIES!"*
*Richard Mnnnnnnn Nixon, 10 January 1969.
"WHEN THE PRESIDENT DOES IT, IT MEANS THAT IT IS NOT ILLEGAL!!"* **
*Frank Langella, 23 Jan., 2009.
**Untrue.--Steve Wicker, editor of CHAMP Magazine, 1943-1972


Death...the ultimate "cop-out"! The rip-off awaiting us all at the "end of the road"...to be idle...floating inside the inkstain nothingness that devours all things...
And here, under the swirling tar, the arcane occult energy of my chanting "buddies" above penetrates death's sticky black embrace...
The shield...the Eye of Amerigotto...crackling... the tar begins to "boil" and such...
Ditkirbankoditkirbankoditkirbanko... CHANT IT WITH ME...clutch your teeth tight the way a horse chomps a bit and SAY IT until I return...
O! Cosmic Kitten KITHOTEP, the kitten who watches us from the hole in the moon as we wallow and punish ourselves and try to learn how to love...
You who unspool the brightly colored yarn of our lives with a smack of your lunar paw... hear our tarry cries of DITKIRBANKO!
Stay Frisky, Tru Believers!
A MARVEL GLO-FI PRODUCTION


1941.
AMERICA AT WAR!
(ALMOST)
PLONKA PLONK PLINKA PLONKA
Who SHAN'T Bear the Colonies' Battle Standard?
— CHAPTER THREE —
Another Thrilling Marvel Brothers Serial!

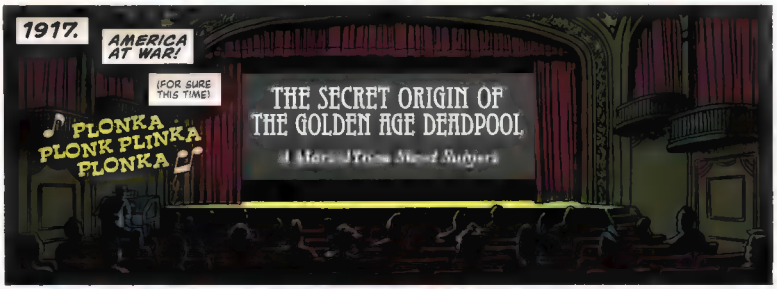

IN A TOP SECRET GOVERNMENT LABORATORY, DR. MYRON MACLAIN DEDICATES ALL HIS ENERGY TO THE CAUSE OF LIBERTY!
BRAVELY, TIRELESSLY...DAY AFTER DAY HE LABORS, WITHOUT REST OR...OR...
Z

MACLAIN!!
UH! WHAT? I'M SORRY, KAISER!
GOD BLESS AMRRRICA!

HUH...THIS ALLOY OF VIBRANIUM AND STEEL. SOMEHOW, WHILE I WAS... RESTING MY EYES,..IT ACHIEVED THE TENSILE STRENGTH I WAS HOPING FOR.
BETTER POUR IT INTO A MOLD BEFORE IT SETS...

THEN IT'S BACK TO THE...THE BUSINESS...
...OF FREEDOM...

OH, COME ON!
Z


1917.
AMERICA AT WAR!
(FOR SURE THIS TIME)
♪ PLONKA PLONK PLINKA PLONKA ♪
THE SECRET ORIGIN OF THE GOLDEN AGE DEADPOOL
A Marvel Prime Novel Subject

AS THE U.S. ENTERS WORLD WAR I, PRESIDENT WOODROW WILSON SEES AN IDEAL CHANCE TO DISPOSE OF HIS EMBARRASSING NEPHEW...
...IT'LL BE GOOD P.R. FOR THE FAMILY, FREDDY.

DESPERATE TO ESCAPE THE FOXHOLES OF EUROPE, PRIVATE FREDERICK "WHEEZY" WILSON SEIZES ON A DARING PLAN: SMOKE HIS OWN WEIGHT IN CIGARS, THEN FAKE MUSTARD GAS POISONING. IN THE PROCESS, HE PERMANENTLY DAMAGES HIS LUNGS.
cough cough cough
TRY THIS ON, FREDDY.

THE MILITARY IS NOT FOOLED BY WILSON'S RUSE, BUT AGREES TO DISCHARGE HIM ANYWAY.
AND SO HE FINDS HIMSELF BACK IN THE STATES, PENNILESS, FORCED TO CARRY HIS GAS MASK AT ALL TIMES.
:COUGH:

AFTER A DECADE OF MENIAL JOBS, "WHEEZY" WILSON SPENDS MOST OF THE 1930S IN A STATE OF ABJECT POVERTY, WATCHING CARTOONS IN CUT-RATE THEATERS.
CUT OFF FROM ALL HUMAN CONTACT, HE STARES AT THE CRUDE, BIZARRE IMAGES DANCING ON THE SCREEN...

:COUGH:
...WHILE HIS MIND SLOWLY CRUMBLES.

IN 1938, AT THE HEIGHT OF THE GREAT DEPRESSION, WILSON IS APPROACHED BY TWO MEN OF QUESTIONABLE REPUTE.
ANYONE ELSE WOULD RECOGNIZE THEM AS FIFTH COLUMNISTS...SPIES...
...BUT WILSON SEES THINGS SOMEWHAT DIFFERENTLY.
WITH NOWHERE ELSE TO GO, THE DESTITUTE WILSON AGREES TO THE SPIES' PROPOSITION.
CANDY POND
USING STOLEN AMERICAN SECRETS, THEY SEEK TO CREATE AN UNSTOPPABLE WARRIOR ***BEFORE*** THE U.S. CAN COMPLETE ITS SUPER-SOLDIER PROJECT.
AAAAAAAHHHHHHHH
STRENGTH FLOWS INTO WILSON'S BODY. HE FEELS FASTER, MORE POWERFUL...A NEW MAN.
THEN HIS SKIN CATCHES FIRE.
AND SO, FREDERICK "WHEEZY" WILSON BECOMES THE ONLY MAN OF HIS KIND. A SUPER-SPY LIKE NO OTHER...THE SOLE PRODUCT OF THE PROJECT CALLED--
VEAPON X
AMERIKANER SCHVINE!
HOW'S MY BOYS?
IRONICALLY, THE SCABBING PROCESS GRANTS WILSON NEAR-INVULNERABILITY. BUT THE RESULTS ARE SO REVOLTING, THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS IMMEDIATELY DISCONTINUE THEIR EXPERIMENTS.
:ULPP:

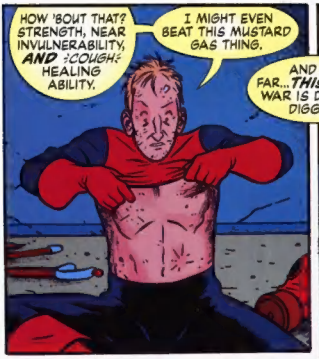
NOW, THREE YEARS LATER...SHORTLY AFTER THE PUBLIC UNVEILING OF CAPTAIN AMERICA...
HEY, RAGGEDY ANDY!
STOP RIGHT THERE!
...VEAPON X HAS BEEN ACTIVATED!
UHHH!
BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
UH, EXCUSE ME!
MISTER FIFTH COLUMNIST, SIR!
PLEASE RETURN THAT SPECIMEN, I'M BEGGING YOU!
IT'S...IT'S THE RIGHT THING TO DO...

MP

BAM
BAM
BAM
BAM
GACKKK! :COUGH COUGH COUGH:

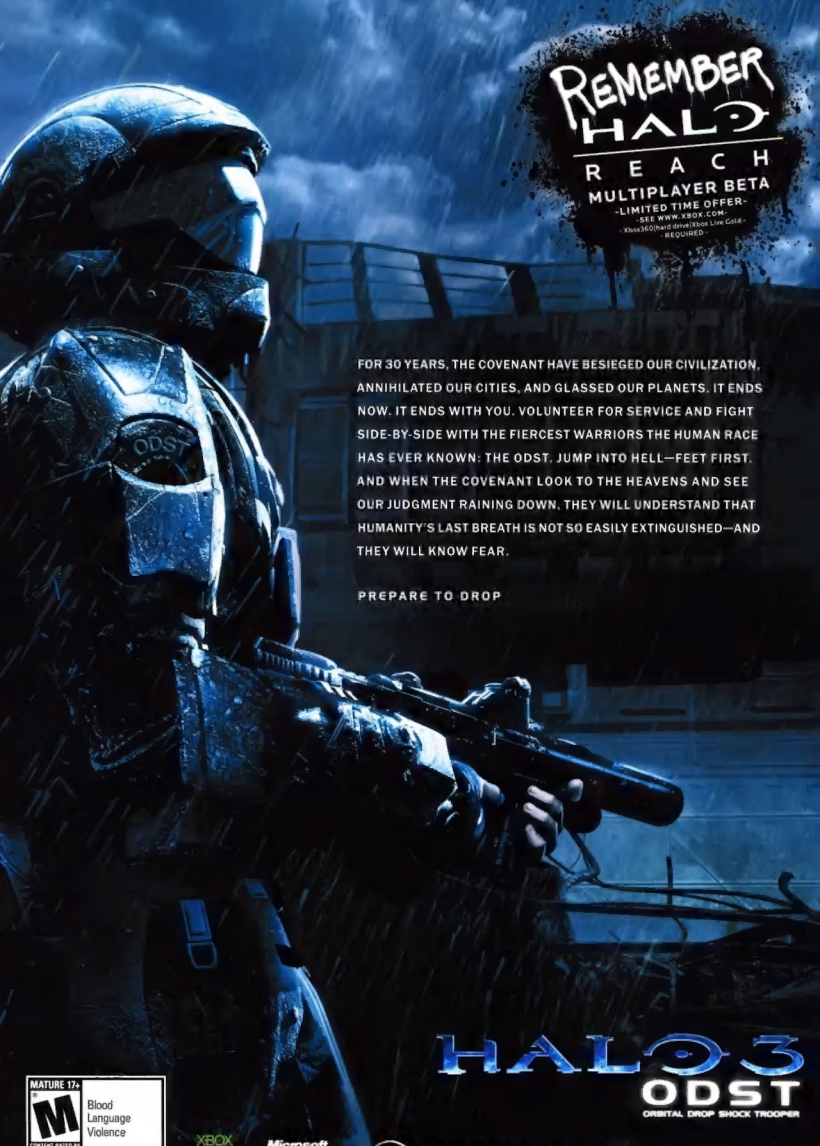
UHHH!
AH!
CATCH!
MP
MP
MP
NGGH!

OOOOH...
ER--THE GENERAL DOESN'T NEED TO KNOW ABOUT MY PART IN THIS, RIGHT?
LIKE THEY SAY IN THE COMICS, DOC:
"LOOSE LIPS SINK SHIPS."
MP
MP


HOW 'BOUT THAT? STRENGTH, NEAR INVULNERABILITY, AND :COUGH: HEALING ABILITY.
I MIGHT EVEN BEAT THIS MUSTARD GAS THING.
AND SO FAR...THIS WORLD WAR IS DA BOM DIGGITY.
PEACE, BLOODS!

AND SO, "WHEEZY" WILSON SURVIVES TO FIGHT ANOTHER DAY. BUT...ON WHICH SIDE?
RETURN TO THIS THEATER FOR FURTHER THRILLING ADVENTURES OF--
WEAPON X
The Golden Age
DEADPOOL
(MAYBE)

SO...
...WHAT DID YOU THINK? PRETTY FUN STUFF, RIGHT, WITH THE DITKIRBANKO AND THE CARTOON DOGS? HAS YOUR FAITH IN THE HOUSE OF IDEAS BEEN SUFFICIENTLY REKINDLED?
JUST TELL ME ONE THING...WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS?
UM...
...THAT WOULD BE US.
I'M EDITOR STEPHEN WACKER. THIS WAS ACTUALLY ALL MY FAULT, ER, I MEAN, MY IDEA.
FRACTION, YOU TWEETING?
I'M TWEETING ABOUT BEING HERE WITH YOU WHILE YOU'RE TWEETING, BENDIS, BABY.
I'M RETWEETING THAT.
GO, GIRL!
SO YOU ARE THE ONES. YOU ARE THE ONES WHO'VE RUINED MARVEL COMICS.
WHAT? NO. THE COMPANY'S DOING QUITE WELL. WE ACTUALLY JUST GOT BOUGHT BY--
MONEY. IS THAT ALL YOU PEOPLE CARE ABOUT? YOU'LL DO WHATEVER IT TAKES TO TURN A BUCK, WON'T YOU?
WHY, NEXT YOU'LL BE TELLING ME THAT YOU'RE CHANGING THE COLOR OF THE HULK, MAKING EVERYONE INTO SKRULLS AND COMPLETELY DOING AWAY WITH SPIDER-MAN'S [redacted]! ALL THIS JUST TO SELL A FEW MORE COPIES?
UM...WELL, ACTUALLY...
WHY ISN'T SOMEONE KEEPING AN EYE ON YOU DEGENERATES?
WHO'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN CHARGE OF THIS PLACE THESE DAYS?
TIM, AXEL, DO YOU GUYS STILL READ THE COMICS WE PUBLISH?
WE STILL PUBLISH COMICS, JOE?
HOLLYWOOD
FIRST, IT'S "TOM," AND SECOND, I LIKE THAT ONE WITH THE DIFFERENT COLOR RINGS. DO WE DO THAT?


REMEMBER
HALO
REACH
MULTIPLAYER BETA
-LIMITED TIME OFFER-
-SEE WWW.XBOX.COM-
-Xbox360 hard drive/Xbox Live Gold-
-REQUIRED-
FOR 30 YEARS, THE COVENANT HAVE BESIEGED OUR CIVILIZATION, ANNIHILATED OUR CITIES, AND GLASSED OUR PLANETS. IT ENDS NOW. IT ENDS WITH YOU. VOLUNTEER FOR SERVICE AND FIGHT SIDE-BY-SIDE WITH THE FIERCEST WARRIORS THE HUMAN RACE HAS EVER KNOWN: THE ODST. JUMP INTO HELL—FEET FIRST. AND WHEN THE COVENANT LOOK TO THE HEAVENS AND SEE OUR JUDGMENT RAINING DOWN, THEY WILL UNDERSTAND THAT HUMANITY'S LAST BREATH IS NOT SO EASILY EXTINGUISHED—AND THEY WILL KNOW FEAR.
PREPARE TO DROP
HALO 3
ODST
ORBITAL DROP SHOCK TROOPER
MATURE 17+
M
Blood
Language
Violence
CONTENT RATED BY ESRB
XBOX LIVE
Microsoft game studios
BUNGIE
HALO.XBOX.COM

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